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Title: The Lich of East Yew I

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It wasn't long after  
my newfound friend,  
TigressKat of  
Moonglow, brought me  
to West Yew  
University that I  
began to study and  
practice the art of

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Journeyman,  
TigressKat asked me  
to join her guild, the  
Winds of Fate. I  
readily agreed, and  
was given a shining  
badge made of some  
bluish metal that read

"Krythan, Lord of  
Lightning-Wof".  
She introduced me to  
some of my guild  
members, a few of  
them being Lithion,  
Camber, Din, and a  
few others whom I

cannot recall.  
Anyway, after getting

my guild badge and the title of Lord of Lightning, I became more secure about my magical abilities. Even though her guild was based in Moonglow, Tigress allowed me stay at the University to further my learning of magic. I would often go out into the forest slaying orcs and ettins with fireballs and bolts of lightning, and the occasional bolt of energy. By the time I was a high level journeyman mage, I had grown quite sure of my spells, and began to venture farther and farther out into the woods. One day, I believe it was a Wednesday, I decided to visit the Orc Fort and show those orcs what I was made of. I made my way from the school into town ( I had to walk around the bay because there was no ferry to take people across back then ) and bought a map from the shipwright. I checked my regent supply, made sure my axe was sharp, and set off towards the south. Pretty soon I passed the cemetery, keeping my distance from its gates, and left the road to walk through the east forest, which I believed was a shortcut. I had studied the map all morning, and figured I knew my way, so when I departed from the road I did not bother to even glance at the map.

Little did I know the  
orc fort was in the  
opposite direction. I  
had calculated that it  
would take me an hour  
to make it to the fort  
at a steady pace, but  
after an hour's  
walking, I found  
myself in a thick  
forest with no traces  
of a fort anywhere  
near. I reached in my  
pack and brought out  
the map of Yew.  
After looking it over  
for a few minutes, I  
noticed that I was no  
where within the  
range that the map  
covered. I sat down on  
a large log that and  
began trying to figure  
out where I had made  
the wrong turn. It  
came to me after about  
ten minutes of  
thinking that I had  
gone east instead of  
west. I cursed at  
myself for being  
careless and getting  
myself lost. I knew I  
had to find the way  
back home before  
darkness fell. It was a  
bad idea to stay out in  
unknown forest  
without the proper  
supplies, but I would  
have to if I didn't  
think fast. I slapped  
my forehead when  
the thought came to  
me. I had completely  
forgotten that I was  
capable of simply  
recalling back to Yew.  
I fished around in my  
backpack for my  
rune, and about that  
time I heard orcish  
voices approaching and  
the sound of many  
feet crunching the  
leaves and twigs that  
lay scattered  
about. "Me sed me

smel humie neerby  
capten", I heard one of  
them say. By this  
time they were  
visible, and I had not  
found my rune, so I  
made an attempt to  
hide. It was too late,  
though, the leader of  
the party spotted me,  
and in a crazed war  
yell he ordered me  
dead. The four orcs  
behind him rushed  
me, but I was already  
on my feet and  
chanting a spell.  
"Por Ort Grav!!", I  
shouted, and a blue  
streak shot down  
from the sky, killing  
the first orc. I quickly  
snatched my axe  
from it's place on my  
back, and swung with  
everything I had at the  
next orc, who was  
quickly approaching  
with a crude club  
raised over his head.  
My axe slashed  
across his chest,  
leaving a deep gash. A  
swift kick in the  
stomach sent the orc to  
the ground,  
unconscious. The orc  
captain was shouting  
something in Orcish,  
and he, along with the  
other two that were  
left, came at me with  
surprising speed. The  
chief rammed into me,  
sending me flying  
into a nearby stump. I  
tried to get to my feet,  
but the last thing I  
remember was a club  
coming towards my  
head...

I awoke with a  
pounding headache,  
and upon feeling my  
temple, felt a large  
bump that was the  
result of the orc's  
club. I had no idea how

long I had been out, but it was now late in the afternoon, and dusk was approaching. As my eyes focused on my surroundings, I noticed the other two orcs dead, and the captain about twenty yards away with his back turned to me.

"Those idiots must have fought over my things", I thought as I slowly pulled myself to my feet, careful not to make a sound. I glanced into my reagent bag hanging from my belt, and after making sure I had enough, I whispered spell chant, and a fireball shot from my hands, hitting the orc captain in the back of the head. He fell motionless to the ground as a cloud of smoke from the spell rose from his charred armor. After taking a few moments to gather the items the orcs had taken, I resumed looking for my rune, but soon, to my disappointment, found it.....in splinters on the ground near the dead Orc captain. After more cursing I decided to start walking ... maybe I could find a cottage where I could spend the night. After about half an hour of walking I came upon a cottage...or what used to be a cottage. Two walls of the structure were still standing, while the other two were strewn across the ground. Hoping that I could use the

place as a shelter for  
the night, I walked  
around the two  
standing walls to get a  
view of the inside.  
There were pots,  
pillows, broken  
shelves, and all kinds  
of other things  
scattered across the  
earthen floor of the  
cottage. But what  
startled me the most  
was the huge  
sarcophagus sitting in  
the middle of the  
floor. There were  
bones laying around  
it....Human bones. I  
backed away and  
started to run, but  
tripped over one of the  
remains of the once  
standing walls. I fell  
backwards onto a  
board that was  
propped on another of  
the stones. The board  
had a small stone on  
the end opposite to  
where I landed, and  
when I hit, the stone  
went flying in a  
perfect arc, landing at  
the head of the  
coffin. A few seconds  
later there was a  
hissing sound, and the  
lid of the coffin  
slowly began to slide  
off....